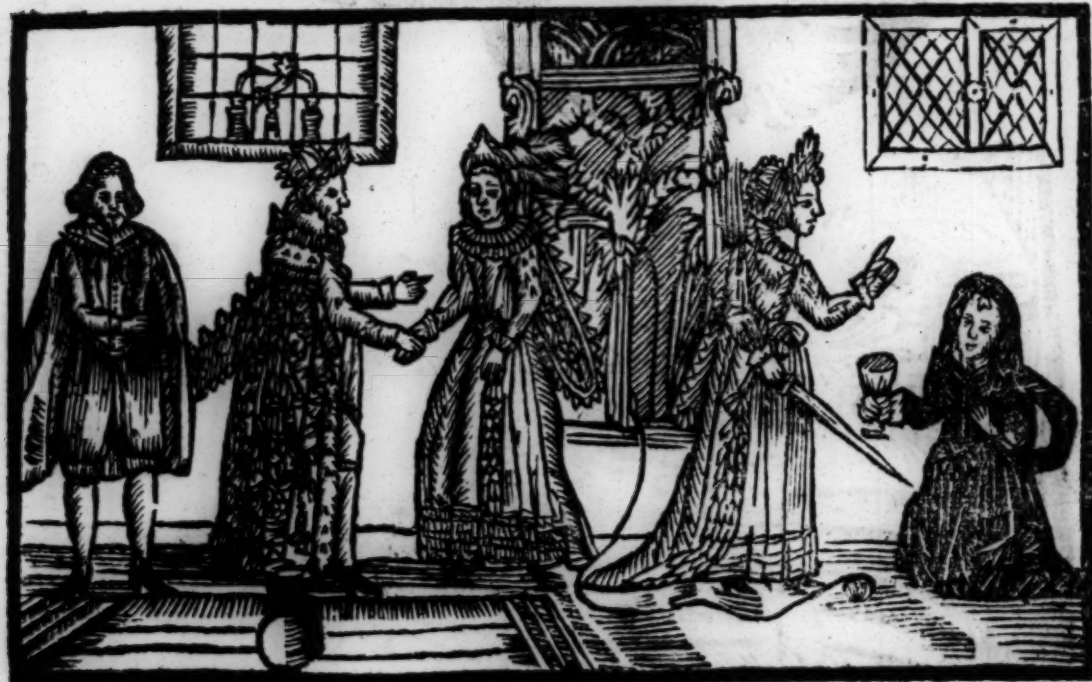


A Lamentable BALLAD OF Fair ROSAMOND, King Henry the Second's Concubine,

Who was put to Death by Queen *ELINOR*, in the Famous Bower of Woodstock, near Oxford. To the Tune of, *Flying Fame*, &c.

Licens'd and Enter'd according to Order.



When as King Henry rul'd this Land,
The Second of that Name,
Beside the Queen he dearly lov'd,
A fair and comely Dame:
Most peerless was her beauty found,
Her labour and her face,
A sweeter Creature in this World,
Did never Prince embrace:

Her crisped locks like threads of gold,
Appear'd to each Man's sight,
Her comely eyes like orient pearls,
Did cast a heavenly light:
The blood within her crystal cheeks,
Did such a colour dye,
As though the Lily and the Rose,
For makethip did strive.

For Rosamond, fair Rosamond,
Her name was called so,
To whom Dame Elinor our Queen,
Was known a deadly foe,

The King therefore for her Defence,
Against the furious Queen,
At Woodstock builded such a Bower,
The like was never seen:

Most curiously that Bower was built,
Of Stone and Timber strong,
A hundred and fifty Doors
Did to this Bower belong,
And they so cunningly contriv'd,
With turnings round about,
That none but with a Clew of Thread,
Could enter in or out.

And for his Love and Lady's sake,
That was so fair and bright,
The keeping of this Bower he gave
Unto a ballant Knight:
But fortune that doth often frown,
Where it before did smile,
The King's Delight, the Lady's Joy
Full soon she did beguile.

For why, the King's Ingracious Son;
Whom he did high advance,
Against his Father's raised Wars,
Within the Realm of France;
But yet before our Comely King
The English Land forsook,
Of Rosamond his Lady fair
His farewell thus he took:

My Rosamond, my only Rose,
That pleasest best mine eye,
The fairest Flower in all the World,
To feed my fantasy:
The flower of my affected heart,
Whose sweetness doth excel,
My Royal Rose a hundred times,
I bid thee now farewell.

For I must leave my fairest Flower,
My sweetest Rose a space,
And cross the Sea to famous France,
Proud Rebels to chase:
But yet my Rose be sure thou shalt
My coming shortly see,
And in my heart when hence I am,
I'll bear my Rose with me.

When Rosamond, that Lady bright,
Did hear the King say so,
The sorrow of her grieved heart
Her outward looks did show;
And from her clear no crystal eyes
The tears gush'd out apace,
Which like the silver pearly dew
Can down her comely face.

Her lips like to the coral red,
Did wax both wan and pale,
And for the sorrow she conceiv'd,
Her vital spirits did fail:
And falling down all in a swoon,
Before King Henry's face,
Full oft within his princely Arms,
Her body did embrace.

And twenty times with watery eyes
He kiss'd her tender cheek.
Until he had receiv'd again
Her senses mild and meek:
Why grieves my Rose, my sweetest Rose?
The King did often say.
Because, quoth she, so bloody Wars
My Lord must pass away.

But since your Grace in foreign Coasts
Amongst your foesunkind,
Must go to hazard life and limb,
Why should I stay behind?

Nay, rather let me like a Page
The sword and target bear,
That on my breast the Blow may light,
That should offend you there.

Let me in your Royal Tent
Prepare your Bed at night,
And with sweet baths refresh your Grace
At your return from fight;
So I your Presence may enjoy,
No toil I will refuse,
But wanting you my Life is Death,
Which both, true Love abuse.

Content thyself, my dearest Love,
Thy rest at home shall be,
In England's sweet and pleasant Soil,
For Trabel fits not thee:
Fair Ladies brook no bloody Wars,
Sweet Peace their pleasures breed,
The nourisher of Heart's Content,
Which fancy first did feed.

My Rose shall rest in Woodstock-Bower,
With sweetest sleep at night,
Whilst I among the piercing Pikes
Against my foes do fight:
My Rose in Robes of Pearl and Gold,
With Diamonds richly dight,
Shall dance the Galliards of my Love,
While I my foes do smite.

And you Sir Thomas whom I trust,
To be my Love's Defence,
Be careful of my gallant Rose,
When I am parted hence:
And therewithal be fetch a sigh,
As though his heart would break;
And Rosamond for very Grief,
Not one plain word could speak:

And at their parting well they might,
In heart be grieved sore,
After that day fair Rosamond,
The King did see no more:
For when his Grace was past the Seas,
And into France was gone,
Queen Elinor with envious heart,
To Woodstock came anon.

And forth she calls this trusty Knight;
Which kept this curious Bower,
Who with his Clew of twined Thread,
Came from the famous Flower:
And when that they had wounded him,
The Queen his Thread did get,
And went where Lady Rosamond
Was like an Angel set.

But when the Queen with steadfast eye,
Beheld her heavenly face,
She was amazed in her mind
At her exceeding Grace:
Cast off from thee these Robes (she said)
That rich and costly be,
And drink thou up this deadly Draught,
Which I have brought to thee.

But presently upon her knees
Sweet Rosamond did fall,
And Pardon of the Queen she crav'd
For her offences all:
Take pity on my youthful years,
(Fair Rosamond did cry.)
And let me not with Poison strong
Enforced be to die.

I will renounce my sinful Life,
And in some Cloyster hide
Myself, lest banished if you please,
To range the World so wide;
And for the fault that I have done,
Though I was forc'd thereto,
Punish my life and punish me,
As you think good to do.

And with these words her supple hands,
She wrung full often there,
And down along her comely face,
Proceeded many a tear:
But nothing could this furious Queen,
Therewith appeased be,
The Cup of deadly Poison strong,
As she sat on her knee,

She gave this comely Dame to drink,
Who took it in her hand,
And from her bended knee arose,
And on her feet did stand:
And casting up her eyes to Heaven,
She did for mercy call,
And drinking up the Poison strong,
Her Life she lost withal.

And when that Death through every limb,
Had done her greatest spite,
Her chiefest foes did there confess,
She was a glorious sight:
Her Body then they did entomb,
When Life was fled away,
At Woodstock, near to Oxford Town,
As may be seen this Day.

LONDON: Printed by and for W. O.
and are to be sold by the Booksellers of
Pye-corner and London-bridge.